BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROADWAY LOUNGER.

Captain Frank Mason, United States Consul at Basle, who is in New-York under orders, was telling me yesterday of his late trip to Pompeii. Said I: "Did you find Bulwer's novel, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' hard reading?" "To be frank, I did. It is verbose and heavy to read twice, and it took all my patience on the steamship, coming across, to finish it. I find other much vaunted books hard to read, like 'Wilhelm Meister' by Goethe. It was a sweat of years and piece of solemn duty to read that idol of the Germans, and after reading it I felt bored to recur to it."

Editor Smith, of *The Flushing Journal*, who is a Scotchman seventeen years in the country, said to me last Sunday: "Notwithstanding there is good reason for fear that our fish and shell-fish supplies are passing away, I can see that with a little care Long Island waters alone could supply all the United States. In Flushing Bay, where we have only six feet of water, a hundred families live on its productions. Hempstead Bay maintains a large fleet. The clams in Little Neck Bay are plentiful as ever, because to dig them requires time and labor, and a man working all day can with difficulty dig two bushels; hence the high price. This year the fish are biting strong again in Jamaica Bay." Said I: "Why does Long Island improve so slowly?" "Partly because the old settlers are too slow and invidious to welcome strangers without reservation. They express suspicions or mistake motives, and the men who come here with capital often lose regard and go away. The Poppenhusens of College Point, Mr. ——, of Whitestone, and Mr. Stratton, of Bayside, were cases in point. They meant well but were interpreted ill, and left us."

Oliver Charlick's estate is said to own all but two shares of the now valuable Hunter's Point Ferry. To the same estate belongs "Tony" Miller's hotel in Long Island City, opposite the Ferry. The Queens County Court House, standing out all alone near this embryo city like something excavated from the ash-heaps of Vesuvius, seems the most neglected thing of all in that latent municipal child of two Celtic sires, Brooklyn and New-York: justice isolated from development.

Mr. E. F. Bonaventure sailed to Europe last Wednesday week on the Normandie, taking his orphan family of three children. He stands in the front rank of rare-book buyers in this country, and many of the richest men commit the selection of their libraries to him without other restriction than to use his own judgment. He is of nearly pure French stock from Alsace, and a strong anti-German. Educated at the school of French Engineers at Chalons, he came to this country about 1871 and married a well-to do Frenchman's daughter, but before he could master the business situation of the country and learn the language, the panic of 1873 came and swept away both his own means and his wife's dower, and compelled him to put up for sale his library and prints, worth about $40,000, which he had been collecting since childhood. This accident drew him into the book business, and he now spends half the year in Europe ransacking private collections in behalf of New-York connoisseurs. His wife recently died of pneumonia, and he told me that he liked everything in America but the climate. "Everybody here," said he, "seems to have something the matter with his health. As to the social civilization, I like it much better than the European, because it is free and open, and one does not have to be a sycophant or a courtier to make his way."

Colonel John Hay, who went through New-York to Cleveland last week, was the son of a retired physician in Illinois who was also a large land-holder and man of culture and affairs, whose public spirit in his son found a more palpable career. The Colonel studied law with his uncle, then and still one of the leading lawyers of Illinois; and there Lincoln found him.

The topography of New-York and its vicinity makes its people somewhat heathen and hence, perhaps, they are the only people who never know their next-door neighbors. On a knoll overhanging the ill-smelling Newtown Creek is an old settlement called Maspeth, in sight of the great city, and there De Witt Clinton's country seat is overlooked by all. Could he have thought that Newtown Creek below him was to be one day dredged by Congress and made a large inland harbor where great foreign ships could ride and fill their holds with oil drawn from the rocks and mountain sides like spring water!

John McKeon, the District-Attorney, who is now menaced with family lawsuits and old and slowly fomented troubles, is the dean of city politicians, and as long ago as 1835 was in Congress. He and Fernando Wood were rivals and defeated each other, and Wood's friends voted for Hamilton Fish, then a young man of thirty-four, and elected him in a Democratic district, thus giving him the impetus for the Governorship soon after that term. So in the squabbles of two city wirepullers rose the genius which should settle the Alabama claims. Mr. Fish is retired and out of the commotions of personal career; McKeon, hanging on beyond his day, finds old age with nettles in his bed.

I asked Bonaventure before he went away if a good deal of the art matter in Europe was not finding its way to this country. "Yes," said he; "I have orders for all I can get. It is only necessary to find books to have the purchaser ready on the spot."

I went on Decoration Day sailing about Jamaica Bay, that larger sheet of water than New-York Bay and no farther from the city than the Narrows is; yet how few will identify it. Thence, they say, come the Rockaway oysters, Rockaway Inlet being the gate to this archipelago and Coney Island and Far Rockaway being its flankers or bastions, and both in sight. The Marine Pavilion at Rockaway was erected in 1833 and was then the largest seaside house in this country, 200 feet long, with wings of 120 feet more, making 320 feet of inn front. Here, unless I mistake, Blennerhassett and his wife spent their first summer in America. But the mighty ruin on Rockaway Beach, which seems like Noah's ark stranded there, is the great Rockaway Hotel, a quarter of a mile long, story on story high, tower on tower, elephantine, fair, like the white elephant. It is about equal to all the Coney Island hotels put together. If ever filled with guests and servants, it would hold a throng one-fourth the size of the present American Army. Its pine body was hewn out of forests in Florida. The bridgeway to reach it from this side the bay is almost five miles long, a grove of giant pines driven into the marsh and made to bend their necks to the locomotive. Yet as I came to this hotel I found it barred and faded, its piazzas fenced in, its glory already shattered like the Armada of King Philip seized with panic in the narrow seas.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree."

It failed from great expectations and should have been deferred till the settled judgment of the public could have been seen toward its pioneer neighbor of Coney Island. But its projectors rushed on like the men who built Babel, and before they had gone half way there fell a confusion of tongues upon them. It is too great to tempt a season's sport. Who will manage it? Will they take it down? Yet in the setting sun it takes the golden light of some great epic like the Velus or the Nibelungen Lay, and as one recedes from it toward the city it beckons him backward, like the poet being lured again to his majestic art and hungry hearthstone—to the palace that is haunted by eternal light and eternal sighs.

Few people are probably aware of the remarkable collections being privately made by rich New-Yorkers in the way of books, prints and *virtuoso*. The book buyers say that Robert Hoe, jr., who is about forty years of age, is the best connoisseur in the United States. He has a library more remarkable and expensive than general at his house, No. 11 East Thirty-sixth-st. His book-cases are of rosewood, with ebony doors, all plain and without ornament. His bindings are generally morocco or inlaid mosaic. He collects scarce books, old bindings and rare manuscripts, and particularly fine French books of the early Gothic and eighteenth-century literature. His collection of the French classics is said to be extraordinary, including all the different best editions illustrated by men like Eisen, Marillier and Moreau. He goes into rare engravings, such as Albert Durer's, taking nothing but proofs. He has one print of Adam and Eve by Durer which cost $500 and was bought in Stuttgart from a private collection. He has three rooms in his house filled with fine books unbound; above his book-cases are fine proofs in frames. He wants nothing showy. He is now illustrating the English classics, setting prints into Dickens, Scott, Fielding, etc. His etchings are said to be superb, and it cost a large fortune to bring them together. The mania for eighteenth-century French literature is only about fifteen years old, and Mr. Hoe got the start of everybody else in it and possesses nearly all the prizes.

Joseph Drexel, at No. 103 Madison-ave., who is a man past middle life, is a keen collector of fine engravings, the old masters particularly, and he is an amateur collector of rare manuscripts and old bindings in silver and mosaic. He possesses a fine copy of the Chronicles of Nuremberg, which is a large folio. Mr. Hoe's copy of this book cost $500. Some of Mr. Hoe's French classics are on parchment. Mr. Hoe's hall is said to be an elegant museum of engravings. Mr. Jay Gould has recently become a book-buyer, and has agents frequenting the auctions and special sales. He is making some mark in his collection of Americana, of topographical literature and of rare miscellaneous books. As yet his mind has not taken any special bias. Mr. Vanderbilt also buys books as he buys paintings, through suggestions from accomplished friends, and almost invariably by agents who are on the lookout for him. Mr. W. L. Andrews has a fine library of both Americana and French books of the eighteenth century, and is following Robert Hoe in a similar line. Mr. A. Duprat, of No. 19 West One-hundred-and-twenty-third-st., who is said to be a Hollander or of Dutch stock, and is auditor of one of the Western railroads, has a fine library, strong in original editions of the English masters like Dickens, Scott, Pope, Dryden, Milton, etc. He collects French books, which he illustrates with modern etchings, has a growing collection of eighteenth-century books, and has a noted collection of ivory sculptures. Mr. V. A. Black, of No. 38 East Thirty-third-st., collects fine books and India paper originals, and proofs of Durer and Rembrandt. He is said to possess a beautiful copy of "Les Baisers," illustrated by Dorat in 1870.

A good book-collector here is H. Pean Du Bois, who is an insurance man. He is said to be of Huguenot extraction and is the New-York contributor to *Le Livre*, of Paris. He has an immense library in Brooklyn, strong in the French classics, in the fine editions and in old Gothic books, and particularly books of the school of Louis XIV., prepared by Nauteul, Drevet and Edelynck. He owns a copy of the autograph album by the French artists, containing letters from Victor Hugo Alfred De Musset and others, which is worth $1,000. Other book collectors in New-York are Judge Daly, Brayton Ives, S. L. M. Barlow, Mr. Kalbfleisch, Mr. Seligman and Mr. H. F. Sewell, of Brooklyn, a shipping merchant. Mr. Sewell is strong in Durer and Rembrandt and in old black-letter books. Mr. Du Bois, it is said, can tell a Durer by merely feeling the paper, and he owns a copy of the "Roman de la Rose" which cost $600. Another collector of books in New-York well known among amateurs is Dr. Weimar, a physician on Second-ave., who has one of the finest galleries of engravings in this country. Mr. Jolly Bor allot, a buyer in Livingston-place, has a splendid collection of French original editions of Hugo, Musset, etc.

At this moment, it is believed, no large hotel enterprise is being launched in the United States, unless it may be at Denver, Col. Hugh Smith's magnificent hotel on Park-ave. is still unopened and probably unleased. This hotel is one of the most eminent objects in the profile of upper New-York. The tightening times assist the moderate-charging hotels, and the old Coleman House, now called the Leland, is one of the brightest objects in Broadway, flushed with light upon its redwood wainscots and its bars carpeted in San Francisco style.

A friend tells me that a "corner," prominent in which are English capitalists, have bought the largest remaining tracts of black walnut lumber and expect to drive the rates high. In other woods the prices are very low.

At the dedication of the big Bridge I was impressed with what two of the speakers said about the loss of life among the workmen falling from great heights, as riggers, masons, painters, wire-wrappers, etc. About twenty, if I remember correctly, had been killed and forgotten in creating the work. The thought occurred to me: May not those obscure dead assess some toll upon the multitude for which they built a way? Shall the million go thoughtlessly over and give no heed to those crushed human careers, whose sinews were painfully drawn into the wire and their blood morticed in the stones? Skin for skin, and all that a man hath will he give for a life. The Valkyres were even then in the air indicating the sacrifices to be made, and the next holiday choked the footpath with the dying.

A large and handsome hotel has been built at Newport News by Mr. Huntington's associates, and it is said that coffee steamships from Brazil direct are to land there and not go up to Baltimore, sending their cargoes straight to the West. A city is still predicted on the high bluffs there. Baltimore is relatively to Hampton Roads as Albany is to New York City. The mouth of the bay and confluence of its channels ought to create a very large place. Yet Liverpool, far out of the convenient lines of commerce, draws trade from Bristol, which is in the eye of the Channel. The trade of New-York by steamship to the Capes of the Chesapeake is one of our greatest feeders. Norfolk, Old Point, Newport News and Portsmouth ought in twenty years to contain a population of 100,000, at least in the aggregate. The summer heats on the James River can now be escaped by rapid trains to the mountain summits, and Mr. Shoelus, who keeps the great winter hotel at Fortress Monroe, keeps the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs resort also now, distant 300 miles or thirteen hours. Leaving Fortress Monroe at 1 o'clock p. m., the Springs are reached somewhat after midnight. The same train leaves Washington City at 4 in the afternoon, and the Huntington road now uses the Pullman coaches. The Chesapeake and Ohio system now rests on Newport News and Washington, and on Memphis and Cairo, and has no parallel to the South until Chattanooga is reached. As Mr. A. Pope recently told me, this road was at first engineered merely to carry the old Virginia planters to the Springs. It now makes the same time from Washington to Cincinnati that the Baltimore and Ohio does.

"A woman saw another being dragged, as she supposed, by a policeman,—the latter being really assisted by one,—and the first woman screamed and made the panic." A scream has been from early ages thought the correct thing to do whenever there was occasion for it, large or little. A scream, however, can be as tragical as the rebel yell or the Indian war-whoop, and nothing is more reprehensible than the silly resort to a nervous shriek whenever anything exciting and but half comprehended is taken in. Our grandmothers baked their slapjacks in the incessant sound of besieging Indians, while the modern woman screams for a croton bug, a roach, or a mouse.

Who can foretell the fate of States or railway systems? The Reading Railroad for years restricted its books and place of stock transfers so as to prevent the New-York Stock Exchange "jumping on it." It was designed to keep coal from coming to New-York and was to be Philadelphia's one stable friend. Now, behold, it has become a New-York property, parcel of the new Vanderbilt and Pittsburg system, and its docks are at Jersey City. By absorbing the New-Jersey Central Railroad the Reading realizes Commodore Vanderbilt's first adventure, to control the Central and build it West. He was not able to master the strong will of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, and retired into the Harlem property, where he engineered the only completely successful "corner" in our annals. The Reading Railroad was one of the schemes of Stephen Girard, and after his death it was opened to the coal field in 1842,—forty-one years ago. Girard failed in his attempt to unite the Schuylkill and Susquehanna valleys by a coal railroad. English capital built the work. Thirteen years later the North Pennsylvania Railroad was opened, and a hideous accident to a Sunday-school marked the event soon afterward. The absorption of this latter railroad by the Reading was nearly coincident with the opening of the Bound Brook route to New-York and the collapse of both Reading and New-Jersey Central, the former by buying too many coal mines ($90,000,000 worth) and the latter by the extravagant equipment of its Long Branch and High Bridge appendages. Yet the darkest night precedes the fullest dawn. To bring the Reading to New-York it was necessary to get the New-Jersey Central, and its two extreme points westward, Harrisburg and Williamsport, are both initial points for the departure of the new Vanderbilt lines to the West, while from the south of this system, at Chester, the Garrett lines are located, to Baltimore. The consequence is a ganglion of coal railroads pulled from this city such as makes a monopoly of the anthracite coal field seem almost possible.

Who thinks of the past shipwrecks any more than of the past earthly fortunes? Who was the richest Roman when Christ lived? What other shipwreck happened in all that age but Paul's, who made a book about it? The richest man we know of in that Tiberian day had only a grave that we know of and gave a part of it away. Another rich man who preferred his possessions to the eternal life he asked the way toward, no curious evangel thought to get the name of. In my childhood books of shipwreck were in almost every house, for then this was a seafaring race, looking toward the ocean of salt instead of the ocean of grain, and boys ran away to sea instead of running away to the West. At Rockaway is a burial ground where a monument marks the graves of 139 shipwrecked souls lost in the year 1836, the Bristol and the Mexico having come ashore within a few weeks of each other on the same general beach, spilling 200 lives into the cold depths of raging surf. Both were American vessels, both full of steerage passengers; both have perished.

The Long Island Railroad system comprises 352 miles, stocked at $10,000,000 and mortgaged at about $5,000,000, and earning three-quarters of a million a year. It employs nearly 2,000 hands. The Manhattan Beach Railroad has $5,000,000 of stock, $1,700,000 of debt, and earns net about $230,000 a year.

MUSIC.

What angel viol, effortless and sure,
Speaks through the straining silence? Whence, ah! whence
That tremulous joy, so keen, so pure
That all existence narrows to one sense,
Lapped round and round
In rapture of sweet sound?
Oh low it wins along the steep, and loud and loud,
Over the chasm and the cloud,
Swells in its lordly tide
Higher and higher, and undenied,
Full-throated to the star!—
Then lowlier, softer, dreaming dies and dies
Over the closing eyes,
Dies with my spirit away, afar,
Swayed as on ocean's breast,
Dies into rest.

A LADY HELP.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP.)

Her father, Commander Dundonald Poppinger, had the gunboat Iris when his wife presented him with a little black browed, dark-eyed daughter. So, against the dictates of her own taste, which would have led her to give some more appropriate name to the olive-skinned, dark-eyed stranger, Mrs. Poppinger acceded to her husband's request, and had the baby baptized 'Iris.' Time went on according to its well-established custom, and little Iris was succeeded by many other little Poppingers, whose names are not of the slightest consequence to this story. She grew from babyhood to childhood, and on to young girlhood in a semi-respectable street in a seaport town that was not even semi-respectable, when its sins of cruel immorality, dirt, drunkenness and depravity are remembered against it. Nevertheless, in this town Iris grew up in flower-like purity and prettiness, though the latter was of the order of a tropical bloom rather than that of the delicate, religious-tinted gray-blue iris, whose name she bore. Grew up to be a very refined, agreeable and accomplished addition to Badsmouth society, when her father, who had retired on the munificent sum allowed by a paternal Government to the sons who can neither work nor fight for it, was living in shabby gentility. He was an officer and a gentleman, and all his life he had associated with officers and gentlemen; and, poor old man, it was a fact that he took much pride in his position, and took what he and his wife thought a 'certain stand upon it.'

Poor olive-skinned, dark-eyed Iris! Her mother's relations spoke of her as 'deplorably dark,' for they were all of the whitey-brown order themselves, and despised poor Iris for her pronounced tints. What was to be done with her? This was the hard problem that arose for them to solve as all the little Poppingers, her brothers and sisters, grew up. She was ahead of all the others in years, so it was supposed that she was ahead of them all in understanding also. Therefore all the family advisers—and they were many—decreed that 'Iris should go out and "do something" to maintain herself.' They made their suggestions freely, but their suggestinos were indefinite. In a lower stratum of society the well to do advisers are willing to 'name' the vocations they think their impecunious relations should follow. Cook, housemaid, scullery-maid, or 'general' they suggest. But in the case of Captain Dundonald Poppinger's pet, no one liked to be the first to hint that Iris had need to be thankful if she could get the place of a nursery governess. So they only said airily that 'it would be well for her to think of doing something, however humble, for herself before her father's death' (an event which they sympathetically suggested might come off at any time) 'obliged her to put her shoulder to the wheel.'

The wheel never revolved within her reach, and while she was making strenuous efforts to get near it her father died, and her mother was left to glory in his memory and—a pension of seventy pounds a year. Things that were very appalling to the girl were said to and of her then by rich relatives, who assumed the right to criticise and direct her life, but who never gave her a shilling to help to make that life a respectable one. Under the guise of affectionate counsel, the most bitter things were said by those who claimed the right to utter them on the plea of 'blood-relationship.' She was scolded and sneered at for not having cultivated some special and expensive branch of education, which would have enabled her to teach it as a specialist expensively to others. She was called to account sharply for not having been sufficiently attractive to have won some well off man to marry her. She was made to feel that she cumbered the face of the earth, and that it was entirely her own fault that she did so. And a despairing cry went out from her young soul to God that He would take her away, and not suffer her to cumber the earth any longer. It was only the unreasoning cry of an unreasoning young creature, who had not learnt yet that to be refined, sensitive, helpless and poor is an unpardonable combination in the eyes of well-to-do relatives. Some of these latter would really have generously doled out 'suitable' food and raiment to Iris for the rest of her life, if only she had begged humbly, and abased herself in a sycophantic way. But, as she did not think of doing these things, the well-to-do relatives found it easier and cheaper to say all manner of unkind and uncharitable things about her, and then to 'wash their hands of her'—a cleansing process which is both cheap and convenient.

Poor Iris! Bright, clever, and amusing, there was nothing she could do sufficiently well when it came to the point to entitle her to teach it to others. Moreover, she had not the gift of imparting knowledge, even if she had received it from others in the first place; nor had she the gift of acting a false part, and pretending to be capable of doing that of which she was incapable.

Things soon went from bad to worse in the Poppinger household, which had now to be 'managed' on seventy pounds a year. Mrs. Poppinger 'broke down' in health and spirits, as it is the presumptuous habit of delicately nurtured women to break down when they grow old and are overweighted and underfed. She became so seriously ill that a rich cousin—a City magnate—fearing that she might die, and her children be sent to the Union, and so disgrace him, offered to have the little ones cheaply and practically educated, and to give Iris a home on 'certain conditions.' The conditions were hard, and Iris would have revolted, only—she couldn't. They were that Mrs. Dundonald Poppinger should take the situation of matron in the cheap and practical school to which her younger children were to be sent, and that Iris should take up her abode with their benefactor as 'lady-help.'

The conditions were accepted. Of course they were! Don't the convicts accept their 'skilly,' and doesn't the hare accept his fate at the paws of greyhounds fleeter and stronger than himself? Mrs. Poppinger went as matron to the school, where an illiberal education was given illiberally to her little ones; and Iris went as unpaid drudge to her mother's rich cousin's wife. Every one who knew little about her, and heard her speak of herself, said this lady was a most estimable woman, quite a model British matron, with a well-pronounced abhorrence of other people's shortcomings, and a comfortable conviction that she herself did her whole duty in a way that couldn't help being rewarded. Indeed, as contentment is a virtue, Mrs. Witherington's profound self-contentment placed her on her pedestal in the estimation of herself and many of the adoring friends whom she rewarded munificently for paying her homage.

'This is an experiment merely, remember, about Iris Poppinger,' she explained to her circle when it was settled that Iris should come to stay at the Witheringtons' house in Connaught Place, as lady-help to the wealthy City merchant's wife. 'This is an experiment merely. I don't feel myself bound to keep Miss Poppinger if she proves useless to me; if she has a well-regulated mind, she will be so thankful for the blessing of a much more comfortable home than she has ever known, that she will strive to be humble and useful.'

'Come, come, now,' her husband said, half jocularly, but with feeling nevertheless; 'Iris isn't coming here to be a drudge, you know, my dear; you must remember the girl has been well brought up, and you—well, you must be considerate and make allowances for her.'

Mrs. Witherington had the reputation of being a Tartar in her household. Therefore her husband thought it well to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters, on which poor Iris would shortly sail.

'I shall do my duty by your cousin's daughter, Mr. Witherington: have no fear of that,' she said, with an air of injured and overtaxed patience. '*I* do not bring any one from my side of the house into our Eden; *I* do not wish the introduction of a serpent into our Paradise.'

'Why, bless my soul! Iris is but a girl, with no more of the serpent about her than—than you have, my dear,' Mr. Witherington said warmly. And Mrs. Witherington smiled coolly, and said, 'We shall see.'

Iris was received very kindly in her new home. That is, the Witheringtons were going out to dinner when she arrived, cold and hungry, at seven o'clock in the evening, at her new home; but Mrs. Witherington's own maid (who looked upon Iris as a rival) gave her some tea and toast. Her bedroom was large, healthy, and airily furnished.

'If I could get by a fire,' the poor girl said pleadingly to Bond, the maid.

'Well, I don't know what their wishes are about your going down stairs yet,' the maid said, circumspectly; 'but Mrs. Witherington wouldn't hear of a fire in your room, that I know. When you've taken off your things you might come into Mrs. Witherington's dressing-room and have your tea by the fire, and a chat with me.'

'I think—I am too tired,' Iris said, choking back all semblance of feeling hurt as well as she could. But the task was a little hard for her. Was she to be the waiting woman's companion?

'I'll be that, I'll be anything; I'll put my neck under the yoke to and extent to help mother, to make things easier for mother!' the poor child said to herself that night after her prayers had been said, and she had crept dispiritedly into bed. And the next morning it seemed as though she were to be immediately rewarded for her brave resolve, for Mrs. Witherington came to her quite early and kindly, and said—

'Iris, I hope you have slept well, and I hope you have remembered all you owe to Mr. Witherington? We do not ask for any earthly reward for the good we do, but still I would not have you ungrateful or careless about the benefits you receive. You are to stay in bed and have your breakfast comfortably this morning. I never expect too much of any one, and your journey may have fatigued you. When you are dressed come to me in my dressing-room, and I'll appoint you some of your duties.'

'I'd rather get up now,' Iris cried: 'I'm not fatigued. I hate breakfast in bed. I'm ready for my duties.'

Mrs. Witherington lifted up a conscientiously kept plump hand, and shook it warningly.

'You must subdue that unruly temper and tongue, Iris; you must learn to be grateful and humble in your demeanor toward those who befriend you at the cost of much trouble and anxiety to themselves; I am afraid you have not been taught to keep yourself in subjection. You will have your breakfast in your own room this morning, and after it, in two hours' time, you will come to me.'

She sailed out of the room as she said this, leaving behind her a general impression of fatness and floridness, and of feline cautiousness. Had she waited a minute longer, Iris would have asked to be allowed to go out and take a little walk in the fresh air in the park. The thought of breakfast was repugnant to her. But Mrs. Witherington did not grant her this minute for action.

The fact was, Mrs. Witherington had planned her arrangements rather too closely. Bond, her maid, was an expensive luxury; therefore, when Mrs. Witherington agreed to take Iris into her house as lady-help she determined at the same time to get rid of Bond, and make Iris assume Bond's duties. But she did not wish Iris to be alarmed by Bond's report either of these duties or of the one who exacted them. Therefore, she had settled that Bond should leave the house in the afternoon of the day on which Iris was to arrive in the evening. But Bond had fathomed Mrs. Witherington's motive, and had malignantly defeated it.

However, Iris had given the maid no opportunity of talking of her wrongs and her mistress's meannesses on the previous night; and, having ascertained this, Mrs. Witherington was resolved that she should not have the chance of doing so this morning. Accordingly, she kept Iris a prisoner in her room until Bond could be gently expelled from the house. This done, Mrs. Witherington felt that she had it in her to induct Iris into Bond's place so cleverly and cautiously that the girl would not realize that she was only a lady's maid. Bond, who was taking away a very much better character than she deserved by reason of her mistress's ardent desire to get rid of her peaceably, was very perverse about being sped on her way. She lingered longer than usual over the thankless task of adorning her mistress's ill-favored head with morning lace. Her 'hands trembled so,' she asserted, pulling Mrs. Witherington's locks sharply as she spoke, 'that she really couldn't get on; the thought of how that inexperienced young person would fail to set off Mrs. Witherington to the best advantage, upset her horful.'

To this Mrs. Witherington suavely replied that she 'thanked Heaven she had no personal vanity, and that if it were not pleasing Mr. Witherington, and helping to keep up their exalted position, she should by preference wear the unassuming print instead of the sumptuous satin or rich piled velvet.'

'If I could see the young person for half an hour I could put her in the way?' Bond suggested, but Mrs. Witherington was deaf to the suggestion; and at length Bond was evicted, and Mrs. Witherington prepared to instal Iris in the vacant place.

Humility and gratitude—these were the virtues that Mrs. Witherington prized most highly in those around her; and she made them her theme during her first hour's intercourse with Iris. At the end of her harangue she suddenly assumed a pleasantly bustling air, which was at least a relief to Iris after the portentious demeanor of the last hour.

'I like my house to be like a hive—full of busy bees,' she commenced briskly. 'Now, Iris—by the way, haven't you another name? Iris is too absurd.'

'It is my only name; therefore, absurd as you may think it, you will have to call me by it,' Iris said quietly.

'I think I shall call you Poppinger.'

'I think you will not,' the girl said, so decidedly that Mrs. Witherington thought she would surrender that point.

'Well now, Iris, you begin to be one of my busy bees at once. I have been very careful in having the duties of a lady-help laid down for my guidance. You will assist me at my toilette, keep my wardrobe in perfect order, and wash all my laces and fine things. When you consider what a home you will have here, when you remember what boundless gratitude you owe to Mr. Witherington for maintaining you, your heart will throb gladly, and will own that little enough is expected of you in return.'

'What wages am I to have?' Iris asked, looking Mrs. Witherington straight in the face.

'Wages!'

'Yes, wages! Servants always have them, and I shall be a servant while I live here.'

'No, Iris, no,' Mrs. Witherington interrupted plausibly, 'you will be nothing of the kind; you will be a "lady-help"—mark the word, a *lady*-help. You will not be required to associate with the other domestics—I mean with the servants.'

'Say the "other servants,"' Iris put in bluntly.

'No, I will not; you are my lady-help, and you're going to be a nice, good, little, industrious girl, and relieve your poor dear mother of a dreadful burden,' Mrs. Witherington said quite encouragingly.

'My poor dear mother would break her heart if she knew all this,' Iris said meditatively 'but she won't know, Mrs. Witherington. Where are your laces?' the girl continued, jumping up from her low chair as she spoke. 'I shall tear them to tatters; still I had better begin washing them at once.'

The girl had a high spirit and a loving heart. The former would have driven her into rebellion against Mrs. Witherington. The latter made her bear hard things for her mother's sake. She fell into the way of doing all that Mrs. Witherington required of her, and that lady nourished the fond delusion that she had secured a treasure for life at a cheap rate. But all the while Iris was biding her time patiently, in order that her first struggle might be an effectual and lost one.

Soon Bond could not have competed with her in the deft handling of Mrs. Witherington's hair, laces, or renovated costumes. Adroit, light-handed, gifted with taste to a rare degree, she "made the best" of her task-mistress's personal appearance in a way that caused a spark of gratitude to ignite at last in that self-adoring lady's heart. When she had done this, Iris made her first move.

'Mrs. Witherington,' she began one night, when her mistress was sitting exultant before the glass, studying the good effect of recently placed "old point" and diamonds on her head, 'am I a good lady's-maid now?'

'There can't be a better,' Mrs. Witherington said enthusiastically.

'I am glad, for you will give me a character that will get me what I want.'

'A what?'

'A character. I am going to get into some place where I can make money to pay for something I must have.'

'And what is that?'

'Lessons for the stage.'

Then Mrs. Witherington scolded stormed, expostulated, pleaded. But Iris had learnt her own value during this time of iron servitude, and she stood out now either for good wages or a good character.

'Mr. Witherington will sin under the disgrace of a relation of his going on the stage,' his wife urged; but Iris only laughed.

'I shall not proclaim the relationship. I shall be too much ashamed to acknowledge how a "relation" has tried to degrade and keep me down, if I ever do get among ladies and gentlemen on the stage.'

'What has put this idea in your head?'

'Seeing that Miss Tremayne is advertising for a maid, and offering forty pounds a year wages. Miss Tremayne wouldn't be the grand actress she is if she hadn't the heart to feel for such a poor football of fortune as I have been.'

'Your wicked ambition will bring you to ruin,' Mrs. Witherington said spitefully, tears of vexation coming into her eyes at the prospect of losing her 'cheap treasure.' 'I wash my hands of you, but the world shall know that you preferred a life of wicked excitement and temptation to a safe and happy home with your own relations.'

'Your world and mine will never be the same—luckily for me,' Iris said coolly, and Mrs. Witherington could have slapped her for being so independent though penniless.

Iris went to the beautiful, popular, clever Miss Tremayne as maid, and remained with her in that capacity one hour. At the end of that hour the warm-hearted woman who was at the top of the tree had learnt the story of the poor little aspirant at the foot of it.

'You shall stay with me as my friend and pupil, Iris,' she said, with all that gracious grace that has made her such a sovereign lady on the stage; 'and as it will be impossible for you really to study while your mind is half absent with your mother and her troubles, those troubles must be relieved at once. I am alone in the world; they shall be my mother and brothers.'

For fifteen months Mr. and Mrs. Witherington told all their friends 'in confidence' that they washed their hands of Iris, whose conduct and career had crushed all sympathy and interest for her out of their expansive hearts At the end of that time Iris made a successful *début*. Then for another year she studied harder than ever, always helped by Miss Tremayne. Then she 'ground' for six months in small parts in the provinces. Then Miss Tremayne brought her out at her (Miss Tremayne's) own theatre without any preliminary puff, and Iris touched the people's heart and taste at once.

The second night of her performance the Witheringtons were there, letting every one near them know that the young actress was their cousin. The next, Mrs. Poppinger received an offer from her cousin of a moderate income for her life, and at the same time he reminded her that had it not been for his excellent wife's admirable training of Iris, Iris would never have been able to approach Miss Tremayne with a proffer of services. 'In fact,' he said, 'I hope our dear girl will never forget that this most gratifying result is entirely due to the circumstance of our having given Iris a home and taught her to be useful. This is a most pleasing reflection to us, and I trust you will always keep this truth before our dear girl.'

So, as Iris soared higher and higher, the Witheringtons eulogized themselves more and more to their own circle, as the benefactors and guardian angels of their 'little pet cousin Iris.'—[Whitehall Review.

MOST ASSURING.—Brown (who is nervous about sanitary matters, and detects something): "Hum (sniffs)—surely this system of yours, these pipes now, do they communicate with your main drain?" Hairdresser (with cheery gusto): "Direct, sir!" [Tableau.]—[Punch.

THE LONDON STAGE.

FEDORA AND MRS. BERNARD-BEERE AT THE HAYMARKET.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, May 7.

London has a new sensation in the English version of M. Sardou's "Fédora," produced at the Haymarket on Saturday with Mrs. Bernard-Beere in the title rôle. "I went to scoff. I remained to admire and applaud," said one fair critic whose opinion I asked in the vestibule after it was all over. That expresses well enough the general feeling of the public. M. Sardou's play was written, as all the world knows, for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—written to give that brilliant actress an opportunity of doing all she knows within three hours; of covering pretty nearly the whole range of her dramatic art in that narrow space—and brilliantly did she perform her part of the task. Love, grief, despair, coquetry, passion, the grace of the great lady, the savage hatreds of the Tartar, the sparkle of Parisian elegance in the drawing-room, the stealthy cunning of a police spy, then finally the terror of coming detection, the agony when it arrives, the swift courage of suicide, the hardly less swift torture of death—these are but some of the phases and moods through which the actress has to pass in the compass of one four-act piece and one evening's entertainment. I saw Sarah play the part twice last winter at the Vaudeville in Paris. She was herself well satisfied with the character and with her own rendering of it. Beyond doubt it was her finest creation. Never before had she had such a chance, nor ever before presented herself to a Parisian audience more coldly critical. Save for one charity representation, it was her first reappearance after her tours about America and Europe, the first time Paris had seen her since she had quitted the Théâtre Français, and Paris was not disposed to give a too cordial welcome to its old favorite. "Spoilt her style abroad," said the gossips of the Boulevard; "been acting to Americans and Dutchmen, grown vulgar, grown coarse in style"—grown I know not what else. But when the curtain went down on that first night of "Fédora," Paris was once more at the feet of its old idol. The ex-Sociétaire of the Français had reconquered her public. She played the part nightly for some four months, and is still playing it somewhere on the Continent.

Now what the wise men of the dramatic world in England said of "Fédora" was this: that the play of itself would never do for the British public, and that even in Paris it would be nothing without Sarah Bernhardt. And supposing, added they, the piece could be played at all, or any version of it made acceptable to London, where is the English actress who can play *Fédora*? People condoled with Mr. Bancroft in advance on the coming failure. At one time Miss Calhoun's name was mentioned in connection with the character. That promising young actress happily escaped the ordeal. When it was understood that Mrs. Bernard-Beere had been selected, there was much shaking of heads. Mrs. Beere was known as a courageous woman who had done all that could be done to save Mr. Tennyson's "Promise of May" from its deserved damnation. She had been seen of late in Messrs. Carr & Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," and in Mr. Wills's feeble version of "Jane Eyre." There was evidence of some real talent in her work, but of the kind of talent needed for *Fédora*, little or no sign.

I suspect Mr. Bancroft himself was not overconfident of success. He nevertheless did his utmost to command success. Never has a piece been produced with more care, whether in the mounting or the general preparation. The very elaborate and difficult business of the first act was rehearsed till on the first night it went with perfect smoothness and celerity; and so on to the end. There are perhaps two other theatres in London where plays can be given with equal excellence on the first night; two and not more. With the exception of the two chief parts, *Fédora* and *Loris Ipanoff*, and one other, the piece was better done here than in Paris. In point of scenery and general finish of mounting, Mr. Bancroft far surpassed his brethren of the Vaudeville. As to the difficulties supposed to lie in the path of the English translator, Mr. Herman Merivale had dealt with them by the simple process of ignoring them. Mr. Bancroft wisely decided, as in the case of "Odette" last year, that the piece must be reproduced substantially as it stood in French, or not at all. Mr. Merivale had nothing to do, or little to do except translate M. Sardou's French into such English as he is master of. The play loses something in this process, as may be supposed, but the framework is preserved. If M. Sardou were a stylist, like M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger, the loss would have been greater. But it is no easy matter to transfer into a foreign tongue the lightness, the sharp precision, above all, the rapidity of style of an expert French dramatist. M. Sardou is not a great writer, but he is a most practised playwright, knows what will tell on the stage, and the crackle of his dialogue is, to say the least, effective and continuous. Mr. Merivale's English is far above the usual level of dramatic translations, but he is too literal, and he has forgotten that it is simply impossible to give in English every sentence and phrase of the original without burdening the movement of the scene. In the French not a sentence is thrown away. In the English the piece would gain by throwing away a good many.

One, and so far as I noticed, one sacrifice only is made to English prudery. The *Countess Olga*, as M. Sardou presented her to the world, is a woman who declares with frankness the fact that the weariness of her life has been relieved by passing a great part of it in the company of successive lovers. Her position is not explicable without this confession. But Mr. Merivale dresses up these *liaisons* as "engagements," and it falls to Mrs. Bancroft's lot to play a character which, by dint of this superfluous straining after morality, becomes absurd. Mrs. Bancroft is so great a favorite and so thorough an artist that she contrives to make this ridiculous hybrid entertaining, playing it with spirit and pungency enough to hide the falseness of the situation from those of the audience who did not know the original play.

At the beginning of "Fédora" the heroine is living in Petersburg and betrothed to *Vladimir*, son of the Russian Chief of Police. She comes to his house to see him only to hear that he has been dangerously wounded, it is supposed by Nihilists. He is brought home, but not into the presence of the audience, who are allowed, however, to look into the bedroom where he lies. The police arrive. The story of the murder is told in the presence of *Fédora*, who fastens at once upon the only clew, a letter left in a drawer and carried off by the murderer. While the man she was to marry is dying under the surgeon's knife in the next room, she is putting the police on the scent of the assassin, and urging them on, ever and anon breaking away to beg admission to the bedside of her lover, which she is allowed to approach only to see his eyes close. Like every other leading scene in the piece, this is constructed to show the play and contrast of conflicting emotions, and consummate is the art with which M. Sardou has done his work. In the second act the scene changes to Paris, whither *Fédora* has gone in pursuit of *Vladimir's* murderer, known to be *Loris Ipanoff*, who has fled and now first appears as exile and as suitor to the woman who is tracking him, but who as yet has failed to find proof enough of guilt to warrant his arrest. She leads him to tell his story, but when he begins it, in the salon of the *Countess Olga*, interrupts him and incites him to finish it at leisure in her own house, at midnight. The scene in which she made love to *Loris* before his face, and gave herself up to a delirium of vindictive hatred behind his back, was one of Sarah's triumphs. So was the continuation of it in the third act where *Fédora* learns that *Vladimir* has been killed, not for a political reason but for a woman with whom on the eve of his marriage to her he was carrying on an intrigue. Then at last her love for *Vladimir* turns to loathing, the love for *Loris*, against which she had been struggling, reveals itself, and at that very moment she remembers that the Russian police, by her own order, are waiting at the door to seize *Loris* as he goes out, gag him, bind him, put him on board a boat that lies ready, carry him down the Seine to Havre, and deliver him to a ship-of-war for transportation to Petersburg and certain death. There is but one means to save him, and after a strong scene the curtain falls on *Fédora* in the arms of *Loris*. She becomes his mistress to deliver him from death. Meantime she had betrayed to the police in Petersburg his brother, who is arrested and drowned in his cell. The mother is killed by the news, and this double horror is made known to *Loris*. Honeymooning with *Fédora* is the next and last act. A passion for vengeance seizes on him; she pleads for the unknown woman who has brought this calamity on him till she arouses his suspicion, soon to be turned to certainty. Sure that he will kill her (which he almost does on the stage), she takes poison and dies in his arms.

This exacting and exhausting rôle Mrs. Bernard-Beere played in a style which, if it had been wholly her own, would have put her at once at the head of her profession and far in advance of any English actress now living. But Mrs. Beere had, in fact, gone to Paris, studied Sarah Bernhardt, sat night after night in front at the Vaudeville, and instead of creating a *Fédora* of her own, has adopted that which she found ready to her hand. In essentials, and so far as Mrs. Beere was capable of reproducing it, the *Fédora* I saw on Saturday at the Haymarket was the *Fédora* I had seen at the Vaudeville in Paris. It was, in any case, a very striking and admirable performance. The part is remote from Mrs. Beere's range and method. Unaided, she would have made of it a different and certainly inferior thing. On the other hand, none but a real artist, none but an actress of genuine dramatic capacity, could have modelled such a part upon such an actress as Sarah Bernhardt without making it a caricature, and this was in no sense a caricature. Mrs. Beere has caught Sarah's manner, copied her gestures, attitudes, looks, her movements, her way of getting about the stage, her use of the facial muscles; and even in her make-up there is a resemblance to her original. With all this there is a good deal of Mrs. Bernard-Beere. Her sympathetic face, her powerful, smooth voice, lacking inflexibility but used with a skill in elocution rare indeed on the English stage; her dignity of bearing, her individual power of expressing emotion, her power over the audience—these and more are her own. To say that she came near to the level of the great artist she has studied under would be absurd. Equally absurd would it be to deny that her acting as a whole was of a very high order indeed. I have dwelt on the fact of her indebtedness to the first *Fédora*, but the real question of Mrs. Bernard-Beere's future is whether she has learned not how to act this character or that, but the principles of art, and the secret sources and methods of that power which makes Sarah Bernhardt the most finished as well as the most curiously fascinating actress of this generation. My own notion is that the closeness of the copy in this particular case is a necessary result of the study of a single part, and that, in Mrs. Beere, London has not merely a *Fédora*, but a new actress.

Certain it is that she took the cold audience of the Haymarket by storm. Not twice in two years is such a scene of enthusiasm to be witnessed in London as followed the fall of the curtain at the end of the first act. It was repeated at the end of the third, and there was but one opinion of the merit of the performance. The success of the play was secured. Mr. Bancroft contributed to it by a careful and excellent performance of a subordinate character. Mr. Coghlan, an actor of merit at times, came near to imperilling it by a reserve of manner that amounted to indifference; once or twice, however, troubling himself to act his part. But the triumph of the evening is to be ascribed in part to the care and skill bestowed by Mr. Bancroft upon the bringing out of "Fédora," and in part, in great part, to the acting of Mrs. Bernard-Beere. The eight or nine recalls awarded her during the evening were not too many to express the surprise and delight of an exceptionally competent and critical audience.

G. W. S.

THE CHARMS OF RIVERSIDE PARK.

CLAREMONT MANOR AND ITS STORY—ONCE THE HOME OF A FUGITIVE KING, IT BECOMES A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

The strip of land to which the name "Riverside Park" has been appropriately given, lies along the east bank of the Hudson River and occupies an irregularly shaped piece of ground about 178 acres in area, extending from Seventy-second to One-hundred-and-thirtieth-st. It averages 500 feet in width and is bounded on the east by Riverside-ave. and on the west by the Hudson. The ground slopes gradually to the water's edge, is naturally well-disposed and offers an excellent opportunity to the landscape-gardener for the display of his skill and taste. Nothing has been accomplished in this particular however, and, so far as artificial beauties are concerned, the adornments of Riverside Park exist only in the imagination. Along the western side of Riverside-ave., and following its meanderings, a substantial wall of masonry has been built and between it and the roadway lies a broad walk which is continuous with the avenue throughout its entire extent. Flights of stone steps, at convenient intervals, break the continuity of this parapet and afford an easy access to the park below, which, however, in its present unfinished condition, is not much resorted to. Indeed, at the present time, a visit to Riverside Park is limited to a close adherence to the carriage-road which bears its name and is its only highway. This smooth and gently undulating avenue, as it winds itself among the hillocks and hollows, describes a series of graceful curves, and at every turn presents new and attractive objects of natural beauty to the eye. The brilliant verdure of the park, the pleasant residences dotting the elevations, and the noble river in its quiet grandeur, dominating the scene, furnish an ever-changing panorama of interest. The drive has not yet been accounted a fashionable one, and the presence of gay equipages is still the exception. At times, no sound is heard except the trundle of an occasional train along the causeway below, or the swiftly revolving paddles of some passing steamboat. The contrast between this place and the neighboring city is striking and it is difficult to realize that half an hour's ride can so completely transport one from the regions of trade to these scenes of serenity and quiet.

The river views along the avenue are striking and grand. The line of the Jersey shore is marked by the Palisades till they melt away in the hazy distance. On the New-York side the low lying promontory of Jeffrey's Hook juts out into the river, and forms a conspicuous feature in the prospect beyond. In Revolutionary times this point was occupied by an American redoubt which, in November, 1776, simultaneously with Fort Washington upon the heights behind it, fell into the hands of the British.

Toward the upper end of Riverside-ave. the ground comprising the park rises and intercepts any view in the direction of the river. These bluffs continue, with varying height, as far as One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth-st., where they slope down, with the village of Manhattanville at their base. This point marks the termination of the park, the avenue, by a sharp detour and rapidly descending grade, seeking the lower level. Occupying a prominent position at this upper extremity stands the famous Claremont Manor. Its history has been a varied one. Once the home of nobility, it degenerated in its latter days into a house of public entertainment, and now remains but the shadow of its former self—dismantled and awaiting demolition. From its commanding position it enjoyed a magnificent prospect up and down the river for miles. More than seventy years ago the house was occupied by the Viscount Courtenay, afterward the Earl of Devon. On account of a scandal affecting his reputation he left England and resided here until the outbreak of the war of 1812, when he returned to his native land, leaving his household effects and plate to be sold at public auction. Lossing says that Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, lived here for a time, previous to his settlement at Bordentown. In after years the mansion was occupied by the Post family, but it is principally remembered by New-Yorkers as a favorite resort for those frequenting the Bloomingdale road, which before Central Park came into existence was the fashionable drive. An hour could be agreeably spent, watching from its broad piazzas the busy scene upon the river below and enjoying the beautiful lawn and fine shade trees which adorned the grounds in the vicinity. Upon one of these trees near the house was perched, at the bifurcation of two of the lower limbs, a grotesque bust of Louis XV. that had been brought to this country by a vessel, on which it was used as a figurehead.

Upon these grounds were located for many years the buildings of the Hoboken Turtle Club, whose members met here at stated times and discussed the merits of turtle steaks and turtle soup. A long wooden structure, open at the sides and filled with tables and benches of primitive design permitted them to dine almost *al fresco*. No more agreeable spot could have been selected than under the shade of the grand, old trees and on the bank of this beautiful river.

CAUTION.—Squire: "Where are ye goin' wid the pig, Pat?" Pat: "Ah! that's just what I can't tell, yer honner." Squire: "Why not?" Pat: "Sure the baste 'ud hear me! It's harrd work gittin' him along anyhow."—[Fun.